

★ **FEATURING**
DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER



BLUE BOLT

10¢

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
FOR YOUR
COUNTRY?

V...

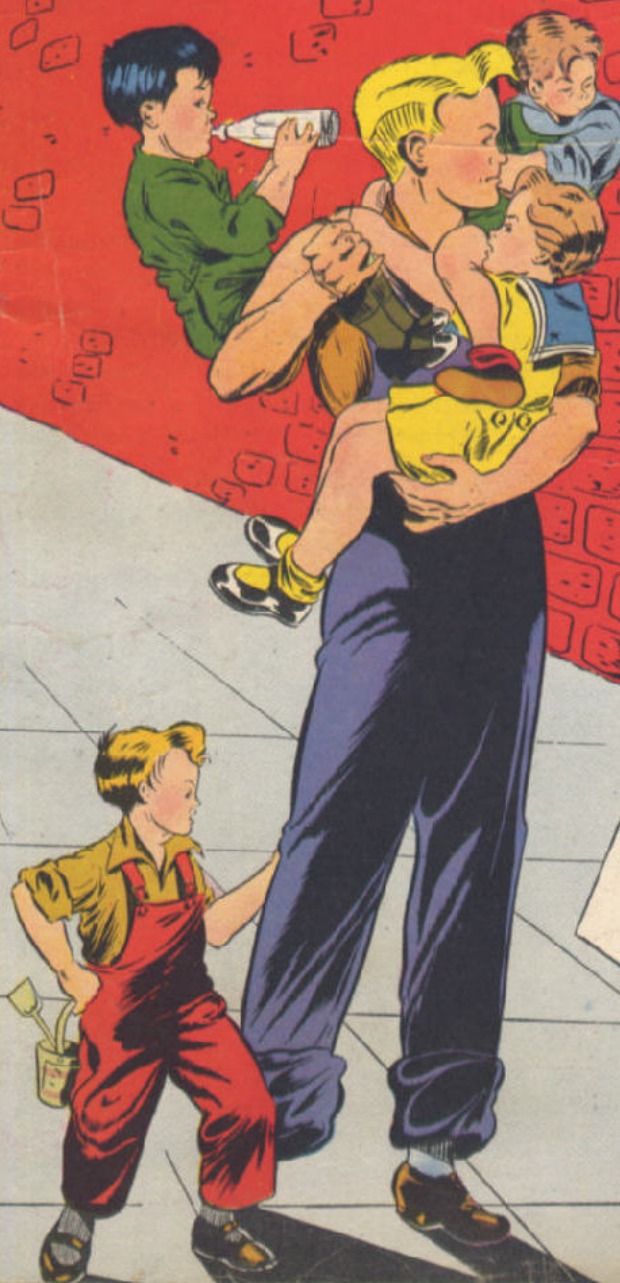
WOMEN
WAR WORKERS!

LEAVE YOUR CHILDREN
AT
EDISON BELL'S
PLAYGROUND
A FREE SERVICE
FOR VICTORY

FRED
BELL

VOL 4
No. 3

BLUE
BOLT





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Gang:

How'd you like to see a couple of excited editors dancing a jig of glee. There's not room among the ink bottles and paste pots to turn cartwheels as we'd like to do, BUT we'll bet that you'll roll off a few when you see what's coming up in the next issue of BLUE BOLT.

Here's the dope! Every comic magazine editor is always on his toes—like "Diogenes searching for an honest man" (ask your pa about that one)—trying to find something new and different for his magazine; something that has a punch like a champion heavyweight's right; something that the readers will go for in a great big way. Well pals and gals, we've found it and we're starting packing that punch right into the next issue of BLUE BOLT.

BLUE BOLT'S going to bring you what we believe to be the most exciting and interesting true story that has ever appeared in a comic magazine. It's the thrilling, blood tingling American adventures of one of Uncle Sam's fightin'est aviator nephews, Lt. Clarence E. Dickinson, United States Navy (now Lt. Com.), and his Scouting Squadron 6 at the battles of Pearl Harbor, the Marshall Islands, Wake and Midway Islands.

Lt. Com. Dickinson, an Annapolis man, has been awarded the Navy Cross with two gold stars—the same as three Navy crosses—and an air medal for heroism. It would be hard to find a better fitted man to tell this exciting story of our Pacific battle lines because of Dickinson's photographic eye for detail and his vivid memory. His collaboration with Boyden Sparkes, his own uncle, produces a smash story hit that almost any editor would jump to grab.

Several of Dickinson's pals in Scouting Squadron 6 were killed at Pearl Harbor and the other battles in which the Squadron took part. That is why his story bears the title, "I FLY FOR VENGEANCE", and vengeance with a capital V is just what he exacts from those yellow sons of Nippon. The same story was recently published (and was probably read by your Mothers and Dads) in an outstanding national magazine. The same story, but under the title "Flying Guns," is also published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, so you can see that BLUE BOLT is really scooping the comic magazine field with some "big time" material for you.

In fact, the editors will bet their hats that "I Fly For Vengeance" will be the number one story, bar none, on your list of comic hits. The 'ole swimmin' hole, the baseball diamond, etc., will probably take second place in your affections until you have finished each installment of this flying fighter's adventures and have felt yourself flying in spirit with him as he opens up with his "fifties" and makes another Jap join "not-so-honorable ancestors."

Now here's the pay-off. If you like this story the way we think you will, the editors have more of its kind hot on the griddle, real live American heroes in true World War II action, truth that's more exciting than any fiction. It's history, sure, but in its easiest to learn form, because this is history almost as fast as it is being made and directly affecting all Americans today.

O.Keh, gang, this is the stuff you've been asking for, and if you'll pardon a weak pun, the editors are giving it to you with a "Vengeance."

Cordially,
THE EDITORS

P.S. We have a bunch of swell letters from you that we intended to put on this page this month, but we'll have to save them until the next issue because we thought you'd be more interested now in hearing the good news about how your requests for a better BLUE BOLT are being answered.

DICK COLE

A GRIM SECRET FROM THE GRAVE HAUNTS DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO. IT'S A DYNAMITE-PACKED ADVENTURE WHICH EXPLODES WITH A WHIRLWIND CHASE!



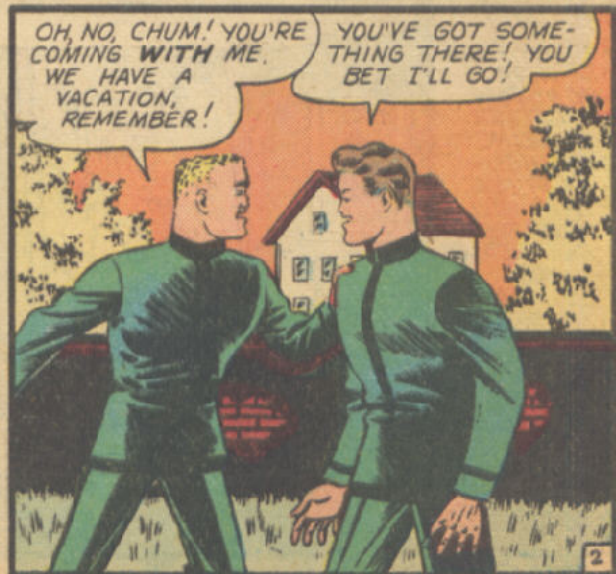
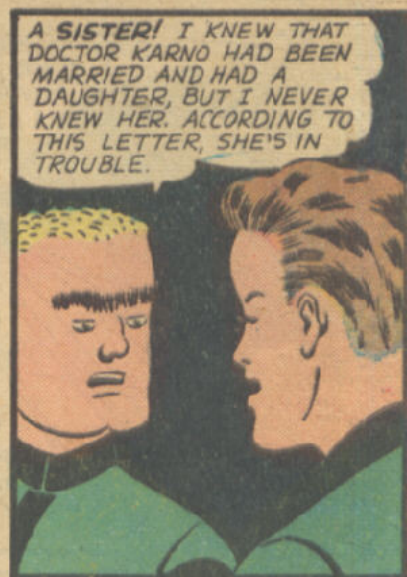
ALFAGALY STOP! ET KAPITAN!

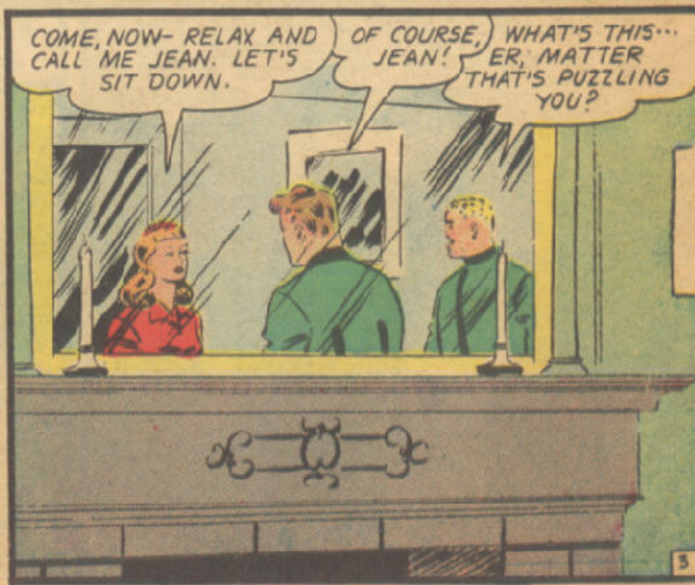
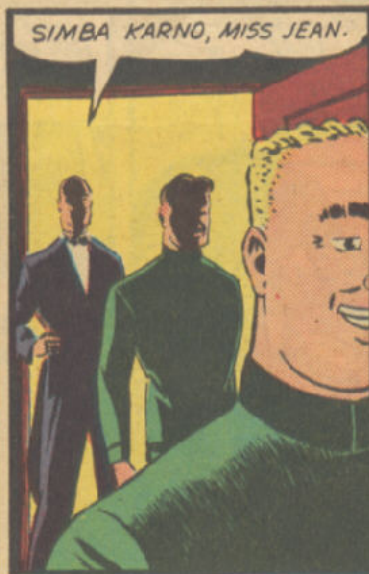
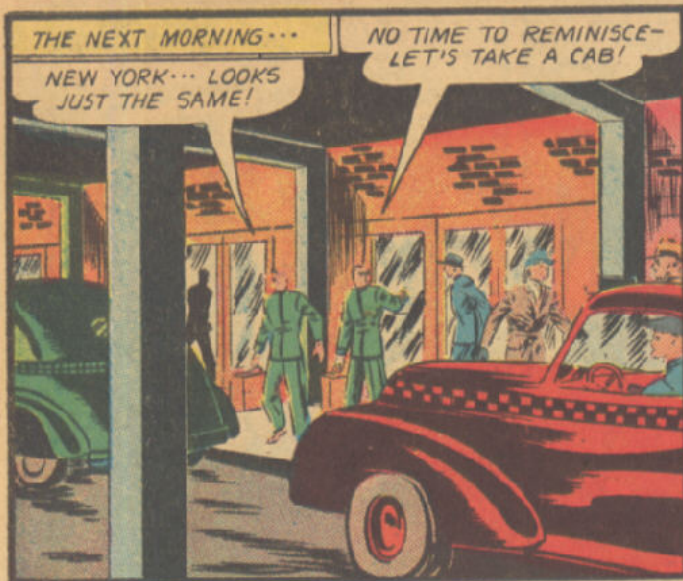
MILES FROM FARR ACADEMY, A LETTER IS BEING PENNED—A LETTER THAT WILL HAVE GREAT SIGNIFICANCE FOR SIMBA KARNO!

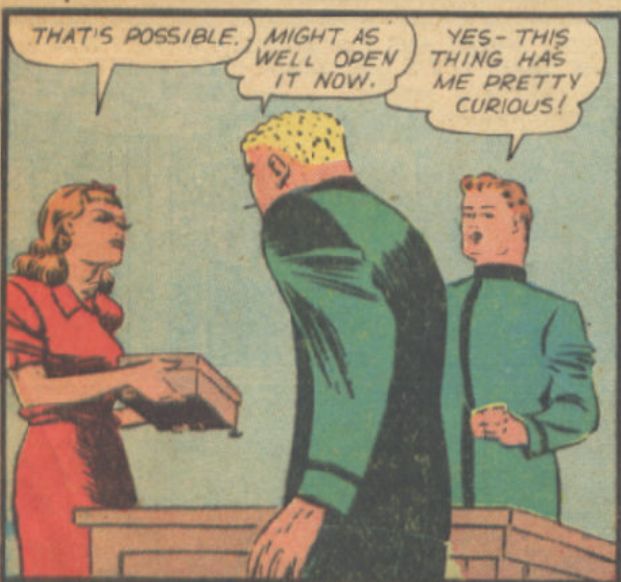
THERE... IT'S FINISHED! I WONDER—

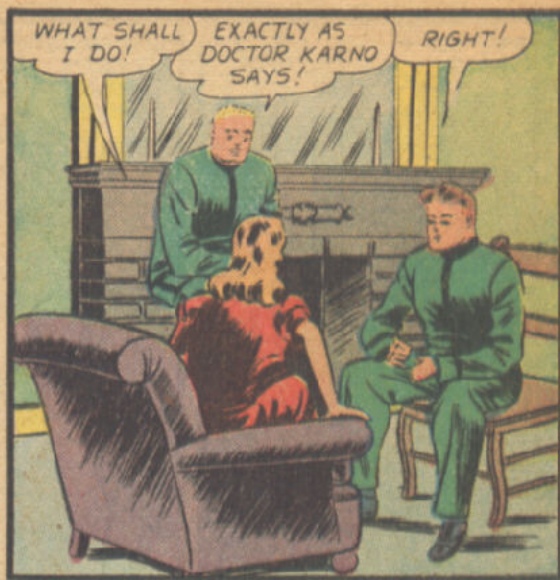
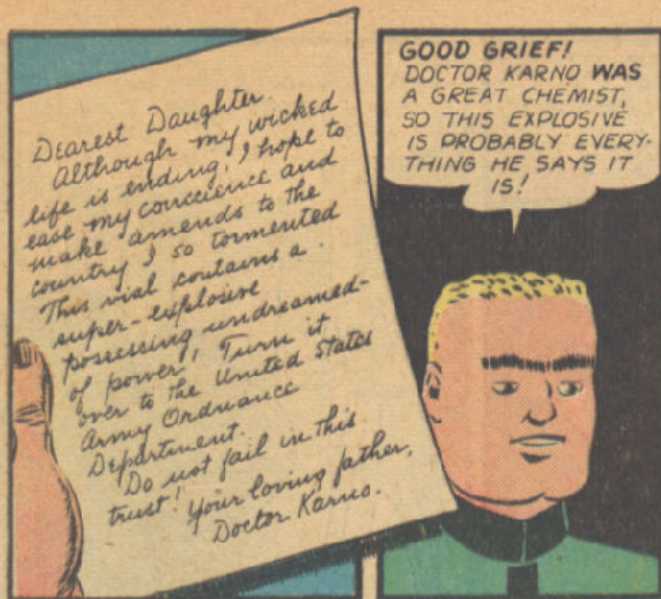
I WONDER IF HE'LL HELP? SIMBA'S MEMORIES OF DOCTOR KARNO ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE PLEASANT... FATHER WAS A BIT OF A STINKER!



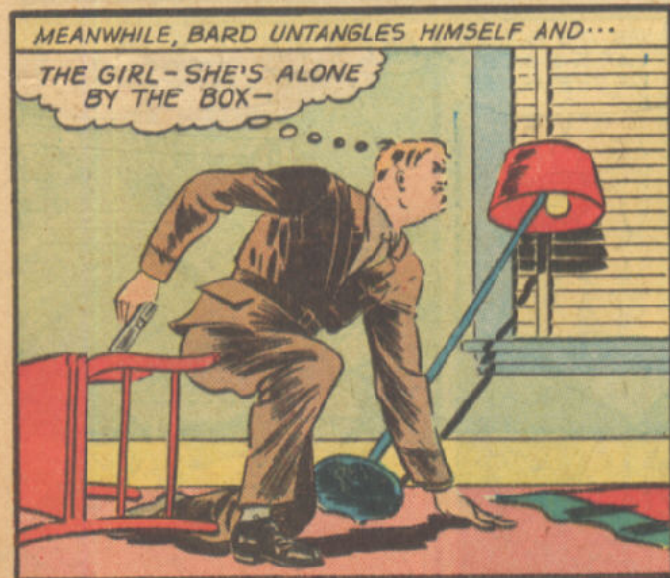
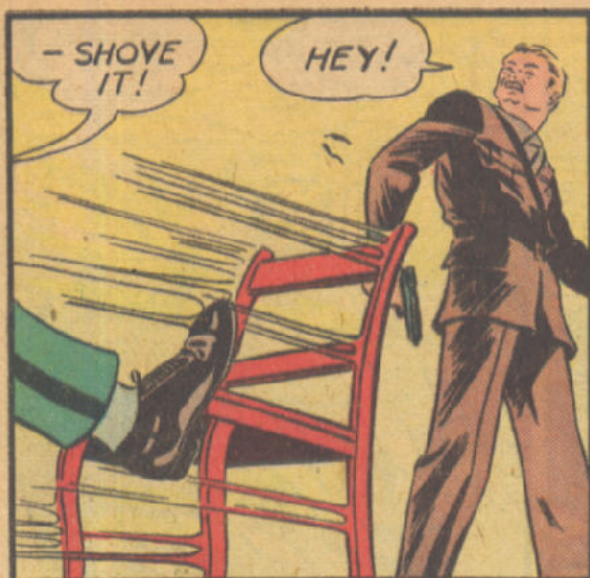


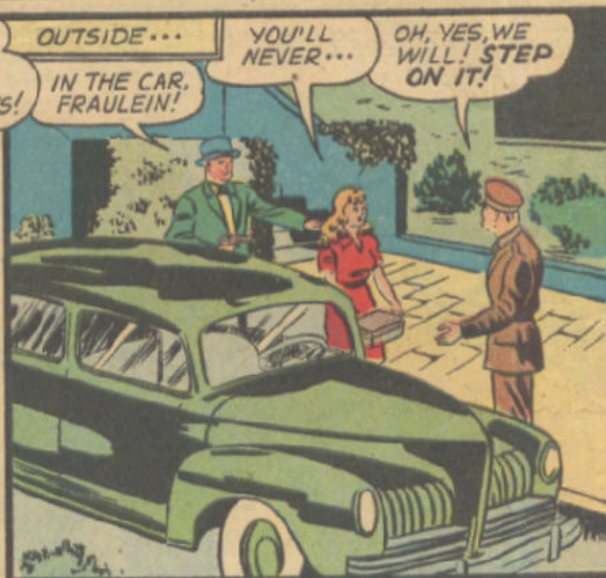
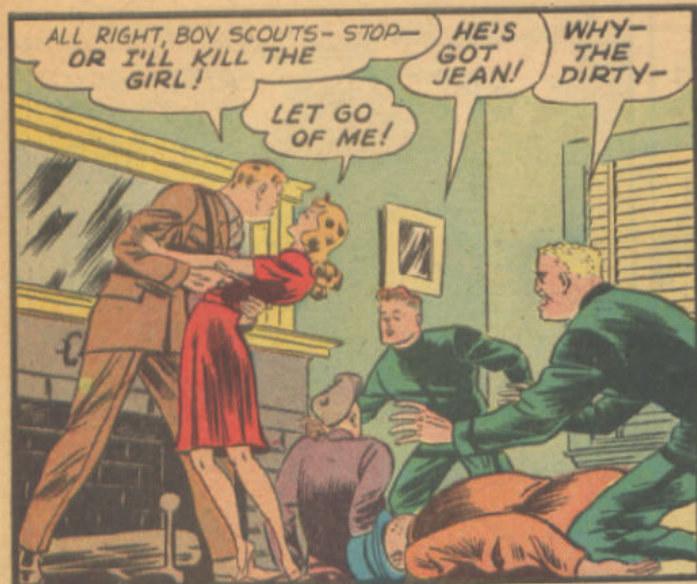


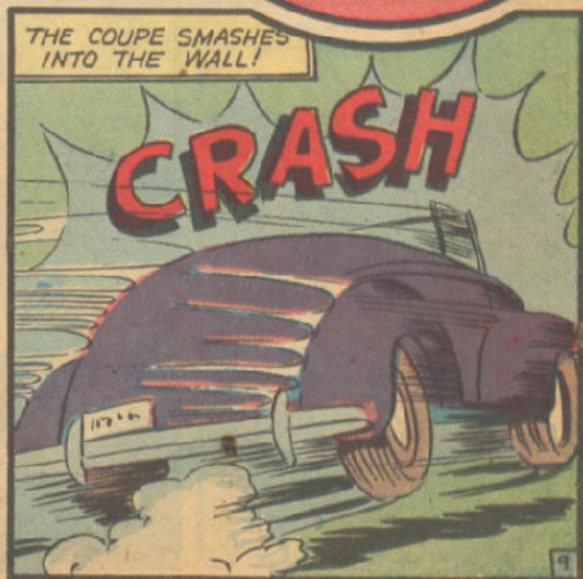
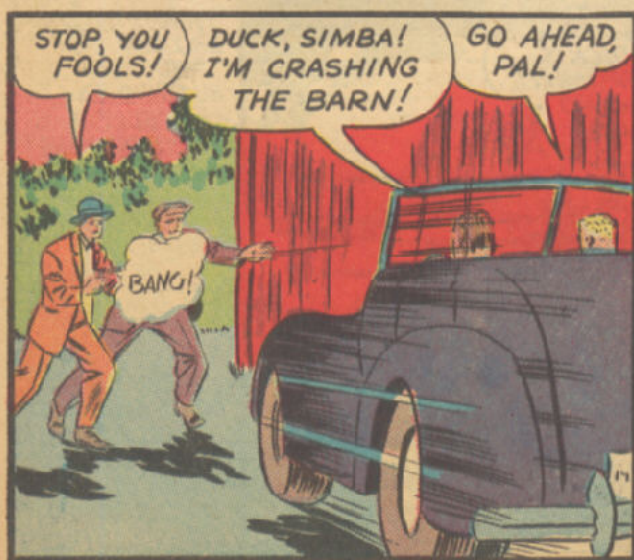
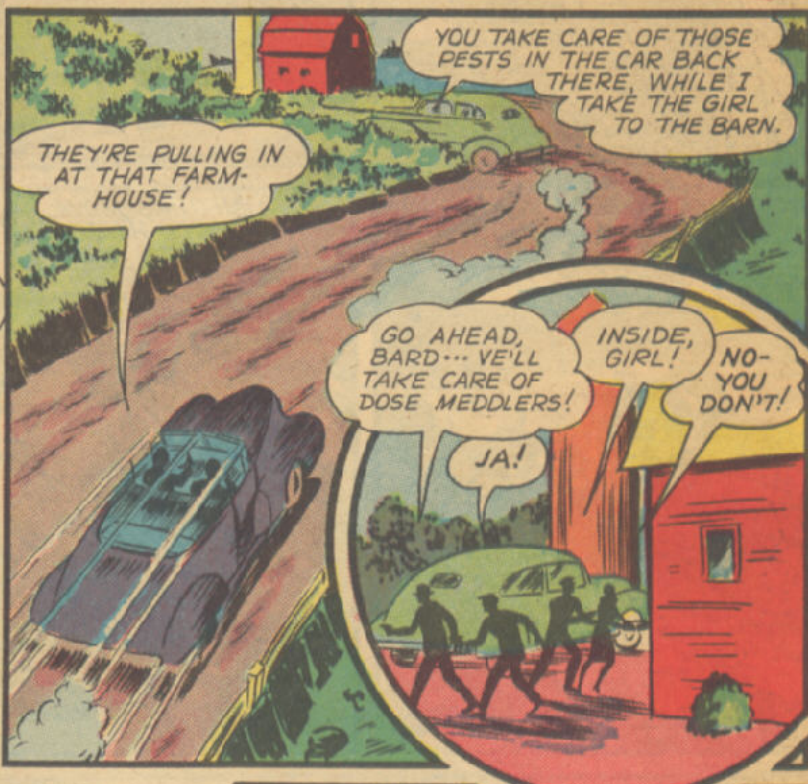
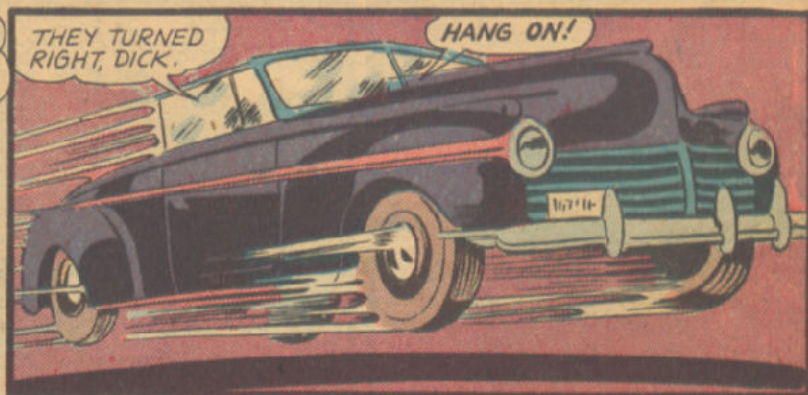
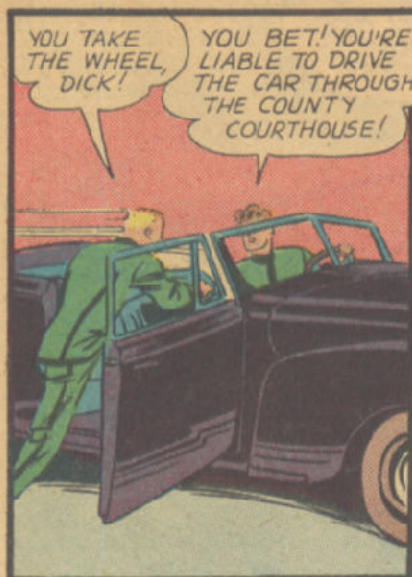


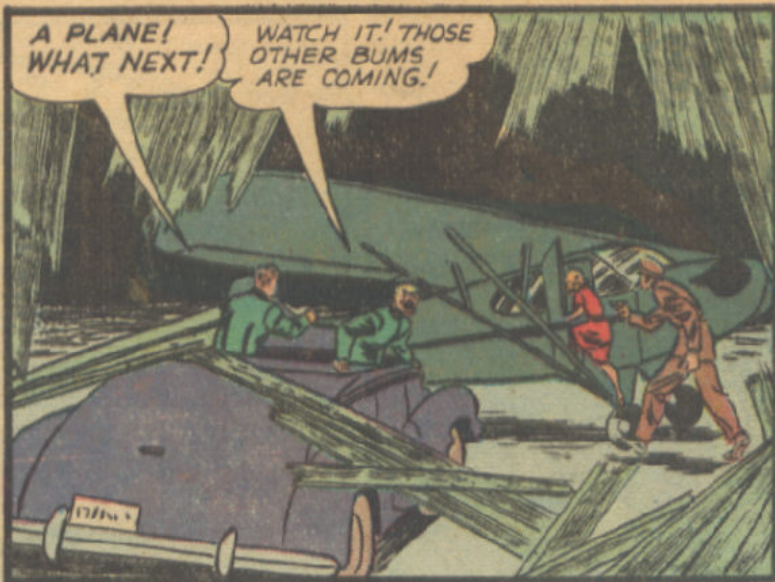












THINGS LOOK BAD FOR DICK AND JEAN—BUT WHO CAN TELL? THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT WILL HOLD THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF "DOCTOR KARNO'S SECRET."

MEANWHILE, DON'T FAIL YOUR UNCLE SAM! KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

Sergeant SPOOK





WINDY CONTINUES: "I TIPPED THE COPS OFF TO A GAMBLING JOINT, BUT GOT CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP!"

COME ALONG!

BUT, YOU CAN'T! IT WAS ME, WHO - NO!

I WON'T FORGET THIS, STOOLE!



"THEY PUT ME IN WITH BIG JIM AND I LIVED LIKE A DOG FOR SIX MONTHS..."

NO, JIM - PLEASE!

I'LL TEACH YA TO SQUEAL ON ME, YA "PIGEON"!



GEE!

THEN, ONE NIGHT BIG JIM FINISHED ME...

HOW?



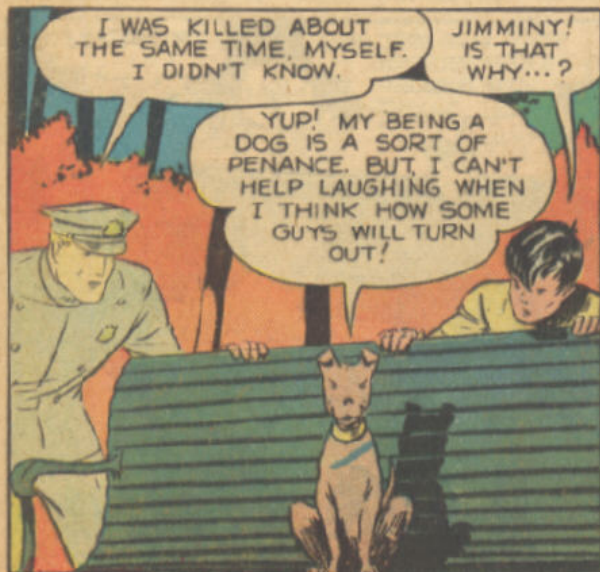
"BIG JIM FAKED AN ESCAPE - AND MADE ME RUN FOR IT. I DIED LIKE A DOG!"



I WAS KILLED ABOUT THE SAME TIME, MYSELF. I DIDN'T KNOW.

JIMMINY! IS THAT WHY...?

YUP! MY BEING A DOG IS A SORT OF PENANCE. BUT, I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING WHEN I THINK HOW SOME GUYS WILL TURN OUT!



GOSH! HOW WILL I TURN OUT?

NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU. IT'S ONLY THE BAD GUYS WHO GET THE BUSINESS. NOW, TAKE HITLER - HE'LL MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE!



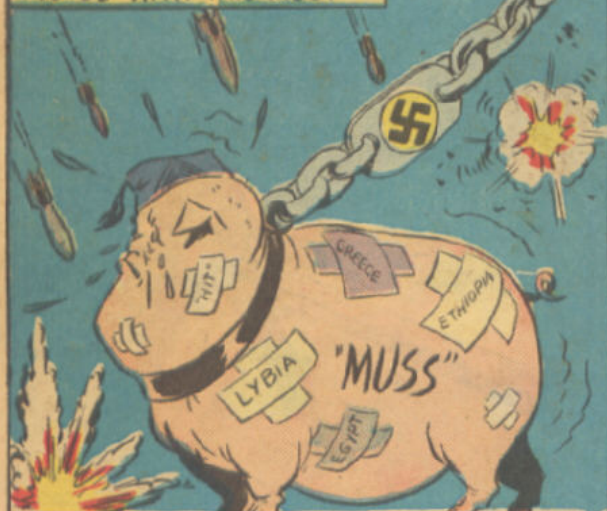
"THIS FELLOW'LL BE A BOON TO THE GUYS WHO MAKE RAT TRAPS."



"AND HERE'S THE PERFECT WIND-UP FOR ANOTHER SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS-HIROHITO!"



"AND EVEN THE PIGS DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS MUG!"



BUT, TELL ME- DO YOU HAVE TO STAY LIKE THAT FOREVER?

NO. WE STAY THIS WAY TILL WE DO SOMETHING SINCERELY GOOD! THEN WE RETIRE TO GHOST TOWN IN PEACE.



LOOKS AS THOUGH I'D HAVE TO GET USED TO...

HERE COMES THAT COP AGAIN. BE QUIET, YOU TWO.

UH-OH!

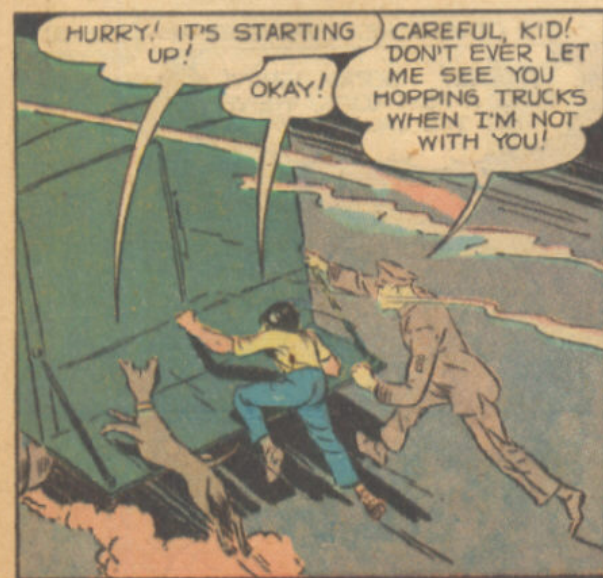
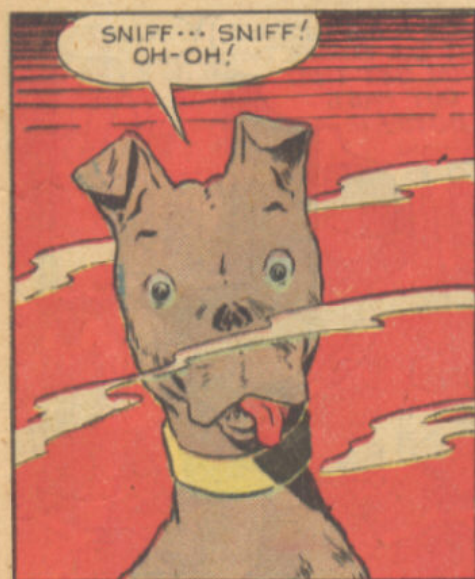
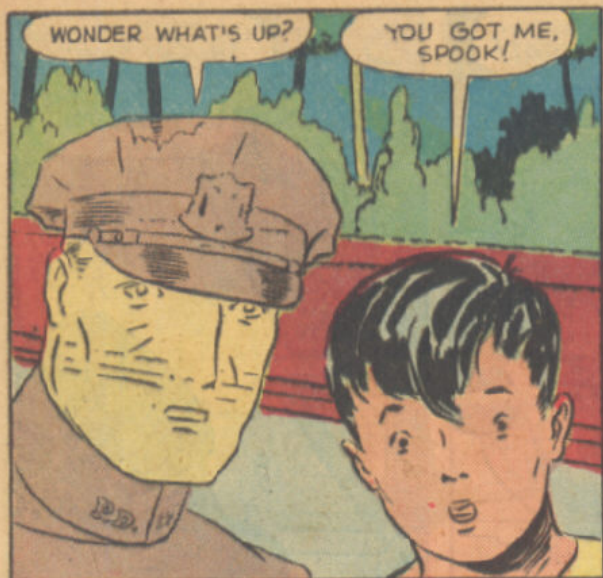


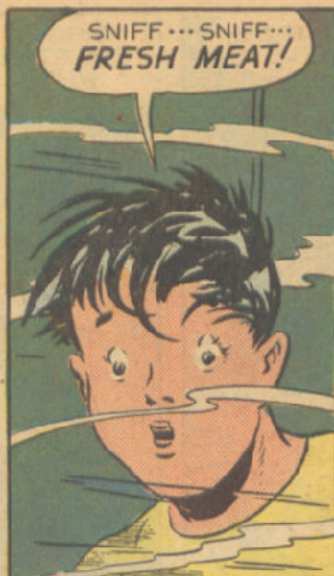
STAY PUT, KID AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!

TRouble!

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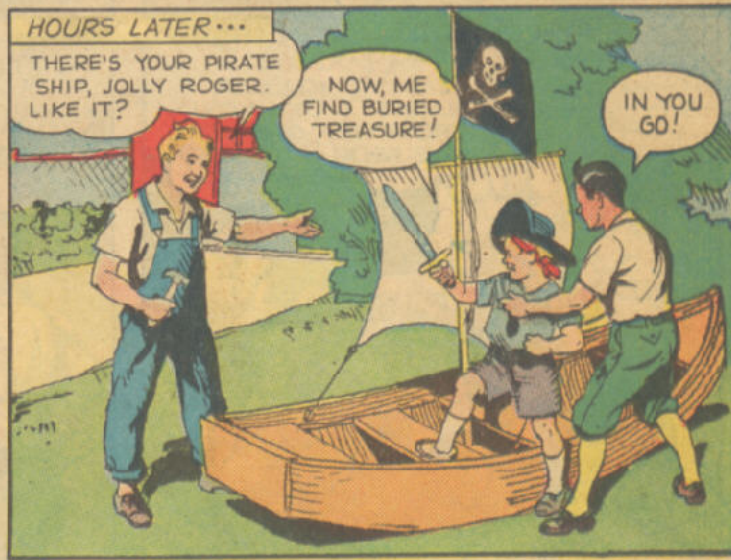


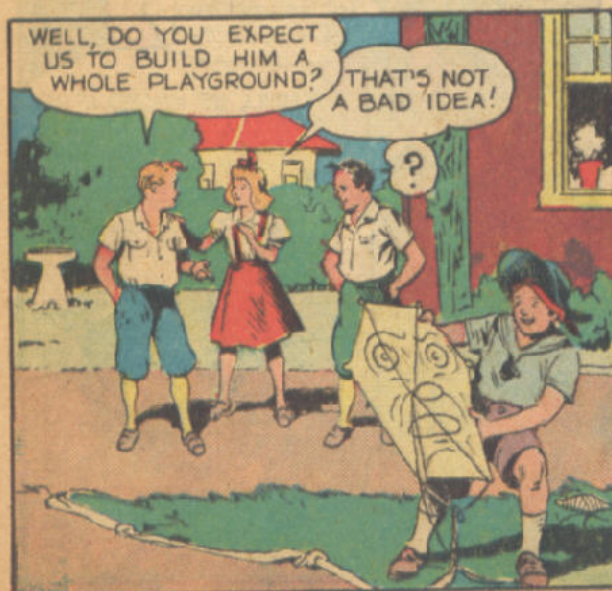
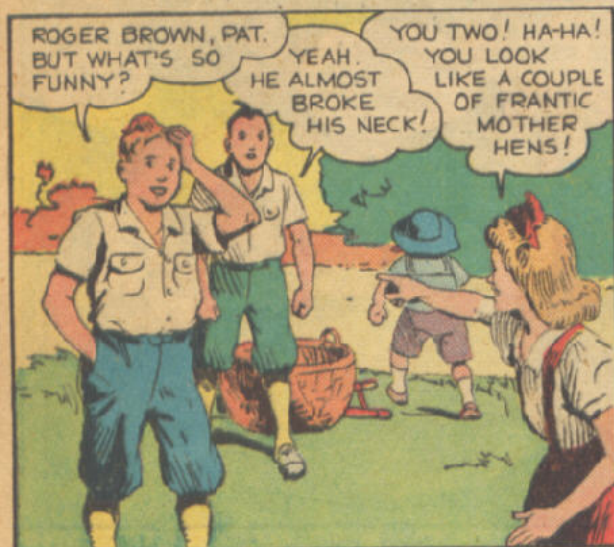


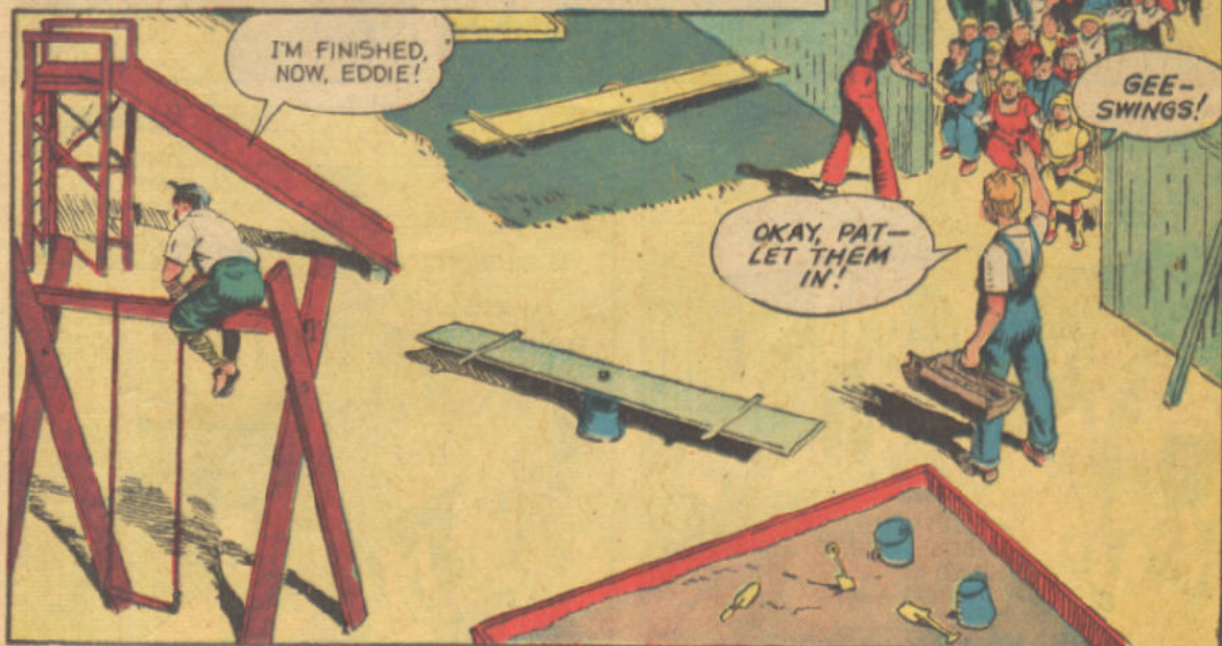
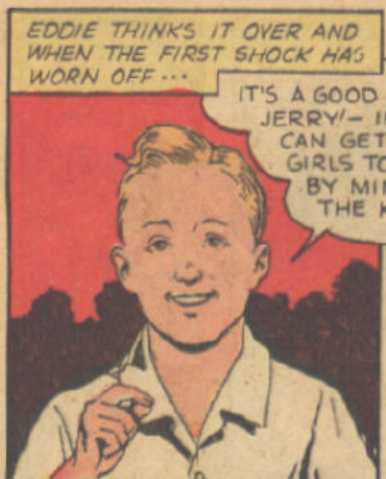


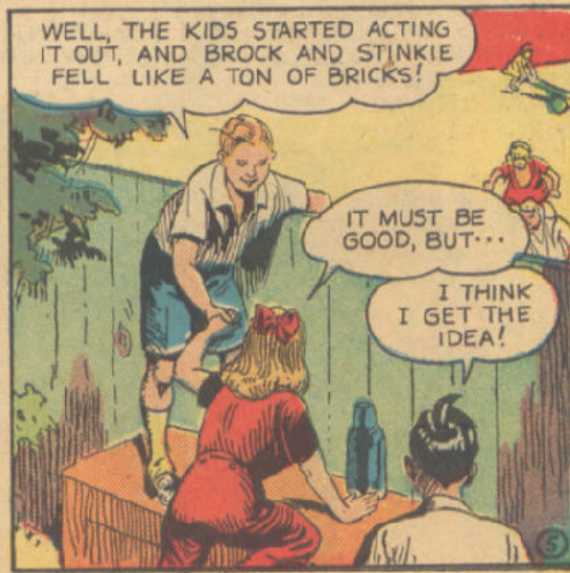
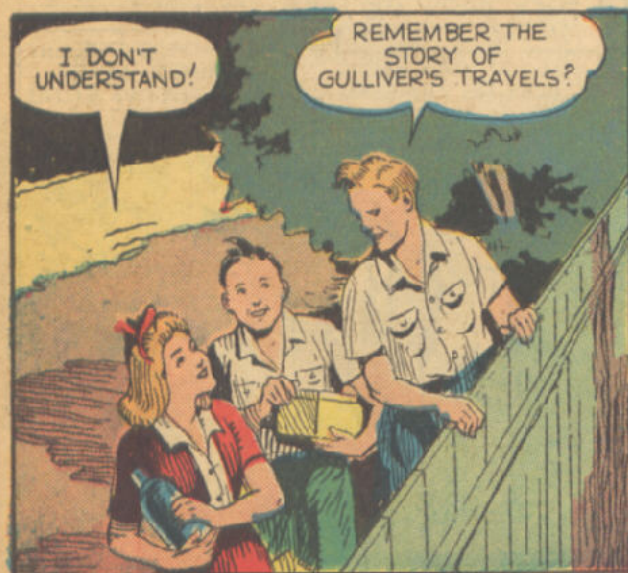
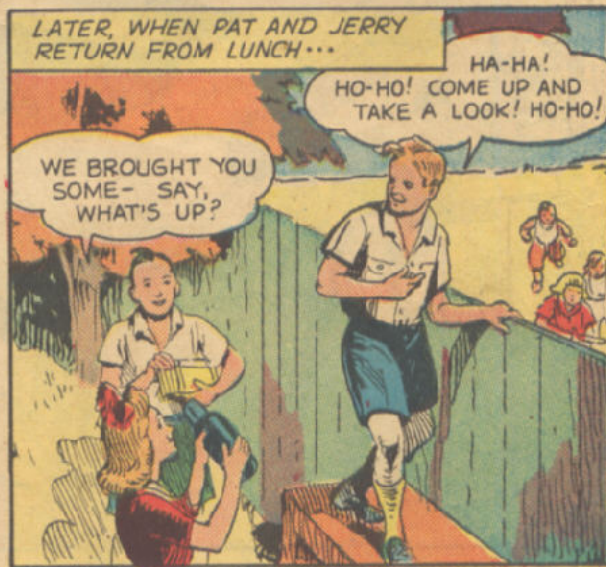
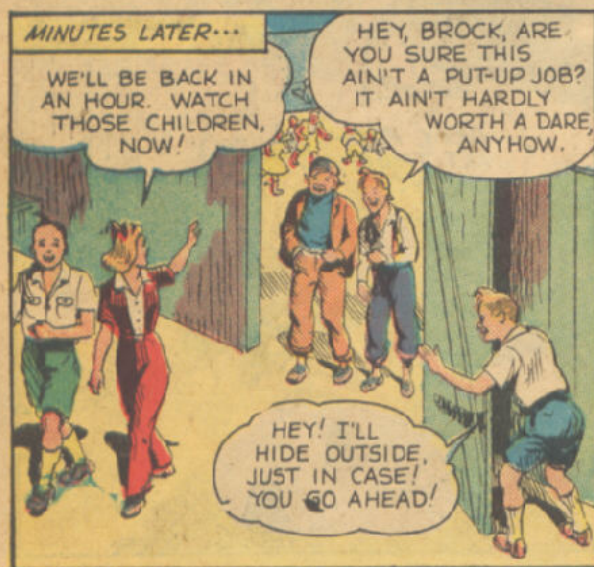
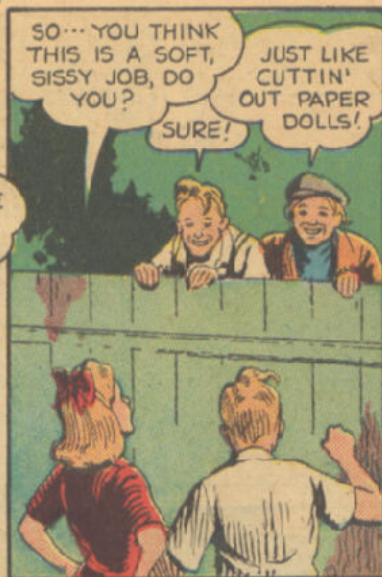
EDISON BELL











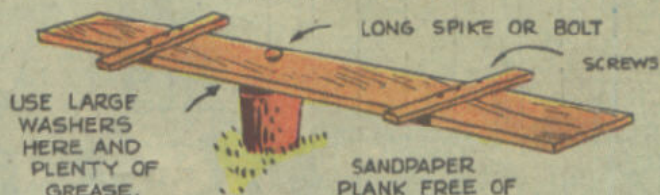
EDISON BELL'S

Back Yard Playground

IN THE FOREGOING STORY EDDIE SHOWS HOW HE PUT A PLAYGROUND LIKE THIS TO GOOD USE... YOU MIGHT DO THE SAME OR SIMPLY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BUILDING AND USING THESE EASY-TO-MAKE PROJECTS.

by *Ray Gill*

SIMPLE MERRY-GO-ROUND.
A PLANK, WITH HANDLES - AND FIRMLY BUT LOOSELY ATTACHED TO A STOUT POST IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED.



SANDPAPER PLANK FREE OF SPLINTERS. THIS APPLIES TO ALL PROJECTS.

FASTEN ON WITH HINGES

TOP RESTS ON FENCE

SEE SAW!
PLANK WITH HANDLES ON ANY SAW HORSE OR LARGE LOG.

HAND RAILS SANDED ON TOP TO SMOOTH, ROUND FINISH.

A KELLY SLIDE.
NOTE THE SIMPLE, SAFE CONSTRUCTION. PLANKS COVERED WITH OLD LINOLEUM... AND TWO LONG 3"x4" ROUNDED BOARDS FOR HAND RAILS.

SCREW HAND RAILS ON FROM UNDER SIDE. PUT NO NAILS OR SCREWS IN FROM TOP. THIS PREVENTS INJURY TO HANDS.

LINOLEUM TACKED ALONG OUTSIDE EDGES.

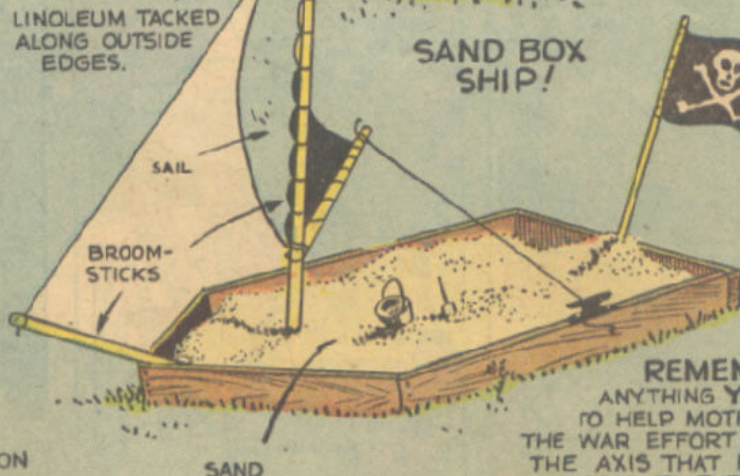
SIMPLE LADDER.

IF POSSIBLE, USE PIECES OF OLD CARPET AS MATS ON WHICH TO SLIDE DOWN.

SAND BOX SHIP!

SIMPLE FLAG

THE SAND BOX SHIP IS A GLORIFIED FRAME WORK TO KEEP THE SAND FROM BEING SCATTERED ABOUT. IN ADDITION, THE NOVELTY IS SURE TO CATCH THE IMAGINATION OF YOUR YOUNGER FRIENDS!



REMEMBER—
ANYTHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP MOTHERS IN THE WAR EFFORT BRINGS THE AXIS THAT MUCH CLOSER TO THE AX!

OLD CAP HAWKINS'

TRUE TALES

LET ME TELL YOU, JOEY,
THE MOST SENSATIONAL
WEAPON OF THIS WAR IS
THE AMERICAN FLYING
FORTRESS! IT'S ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE
NAZIS TO KNOCK IT
OUT OF THE SKIES!

THIS IS THE STORY OF
A FLYING FORTRESS
NICKNAMED "THE THUNDERBIRD."
FLOWN BY A TEN-MAN CREW,
IT WENT ON A RAID OVER
TRIPOLI DURING THE
AFRICAN CAMPAIGN...

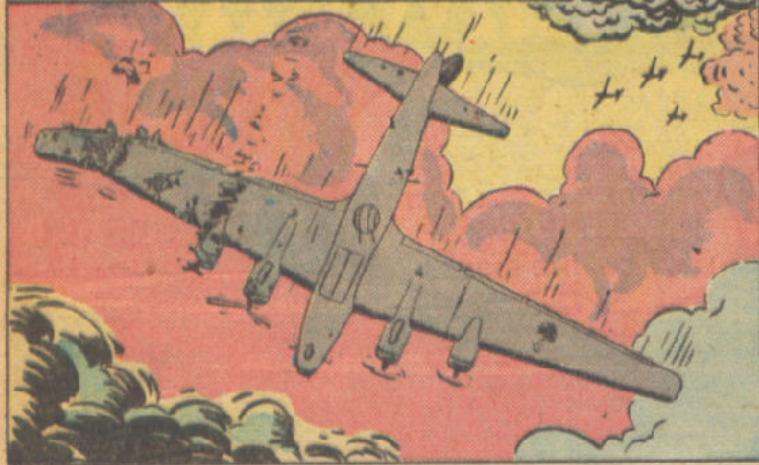
BOMBS
AWAY!

HEY!
THEY GOT
US!

GOSH! BOTH
OUR OUTER
MOTORS
ARE
GONE!

YEAH-
AND WE'RE
LOSING
ALTITUDE
AND
SPEED!

THE OTHER BOMBERS AND THE FIGHTER ESCORTS, RUNNING LOW ON GAS, ARE FORCED TO LEAVE THE CRIPPLED SHIP BEHIND, AS THEY TURN HOMEWARD.



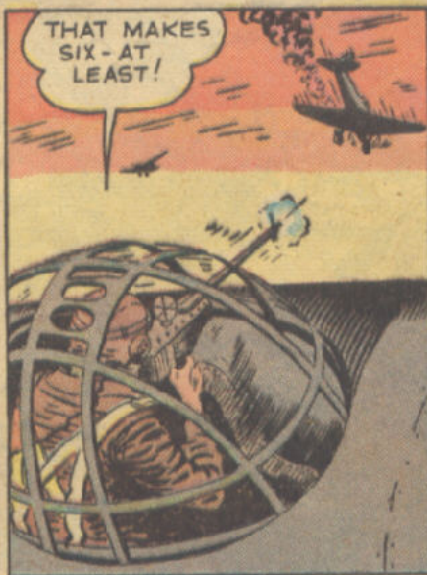
HERE THEY COME, SKIPPER- AT LEAST THIRTY OF THEM!



ALL HANDS TO THE GUNS! WE HAVEN'T MUCH OF A CHANCE - WE'RE LOSING FIVE HUNDRED FEET A MINUTE, BUT WE CAN TAKE SOME OF THEM WITH US!



THAT MAKES SIX - AT LEAST!



THEY'RE RUNNING, SKIPPER!

ALL THE GUNS ARE GONE--- HEY, MAC, THE SKIPPER WANTS US FORWARD!



MEN, WE HAVE ABOUT ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED TO MAKE IT- SHALL WE ABANDON THE THUNDER-BIRD AND CHANCE THE SILK?



LET'S GET HER BACK IN VICTORY!

WE'LL STICK!

AW, THERE'S PLENTY OF LIFE LEFT IN THE OLD GIRL!



OKAY, FELLOWS—
SPREAD OUT AND TRY
TO GET HER ON AN
EVEN KEEL!



THE PILOT NURSE'S THE "THUNDER-
BIRD" UP FROM ITS DANGEROUS
NINE-HUNDRED-FOOT ALTITUDE.



BAD NEWS! THE CHARTS
SAY THE LOWEST PASS
THROUGH THOSE MOUNTAINS
IS 1600 FEET!



HEY! ANYONE
WANT TO GET
OUT? NEXT STOP
IS HOME PORT!



WHEW! THE OLD
GAL CAN SURE TAKE
HER MOUNTAINS!



HOW MUCH
FARTHER?

WE HAVE STILL
400 MILES TO GO!
THINK WE CAN
MAKE IT?



WE'RE RUNNING
LOW ON GAS!...
I DON'T KNOW...

AFTER WHAT WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH, I'LL
BET SHE'LL RUN
ON AIR!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE
"THUNDERBIRD'S" BASE...

FIVE HOURS OVER-
DUE - I GUESS WE'LL
HAVE TO CHALK
THEM OFF!

THERE'S ALWAYS
HOPE - ESPECIALLY
IF IT'S A
FORTRESS!

AND, ALMOST TWO
HOURS LATER...

HEY! IT'S
THE FORTRESS!
SHE MADE
IT!

SEND UP
A FLARE!

LOOK AT
THOSE WINGS!
THEY CAN'T
POSSIBLY
MAKE IT IN!

THEIR BRAKES
ARE SMASHED!
THEY'LL CRACK!

C'MON, OLD LADY—
YOU HAVE AN
AUDIENCE NOW!

HEY! WE'RE HUNGRY!
GOT ANY FOOD
LEFT?

ONE TANK DRY,
AND ALL OF TWENTY
GALLONS OF GAS IN
THE OTHER!

NICE WORK,
BOYS!!

HERE'S TO THE
BIRD THAT CAN'T
BE BEAT!

THREE CHEERS
FOR THE
"THUNDERBIRD!"

GROWING PAINS

THE GREAT CHANGE, Charlie realized, had come neither too late nor too soon to save him the abject humiliation of getting up in front of the crowd next week and doing his stuff. Next week was the play. And Charlie's voice had been playing dirty tricks. Squeaky tricks that suddenly turned basso. It was . . . awful. . . .

"Hi, sweetie-pie!" a voice hailed which went falsetto then mock basso, followed by a chorus of amused laughter. "Had your singing lesson yet? Hear you're going soprano this year—"

Charlie pulled off to the side and turned. Down the walk he saw his tormentors, the same ones who had been pestering him ever since the change had set in.

"I'll push the teeth down the throat of the guy who said that," Charlie threatened. "Think it's funny—"

"It is funny, Charlie," one of the boys admitted, a wide grin making freckles wriggle across a stubby nose. "You haven't got a sense of humor, that's all!"

"Humor!" Charlie snapped. "If it was the other way around—"

"We'd go into the movies. Or on the radio."

Again laughter burst out and Charlie pulled himself together. "Scram, bums," he growled, carefully keeping his voice under control. "I don't want to be bo—" Charlie shut the words

off. He felt it coming and buttoned up his lips.

"There he goes again!" someone chuckled. "Hit it, Charlie—"

Charlie turned on his heel. He was burned up. But a guy had to remember that they were his pals . . . Usually. They meant it in fun but sometimes even pals forgot themselves and rubbed it in. Sense of humor, eh? Charlie headed home.

There was rehearsal tonight. Charlie's parents didn't let him forget it, although he'd tried to for days now.

"You're to go to the hall tonight," Charlie's mother reminded him at supper. "It's only next week, you know and—"

Dad said, "You may have stage-fright—"

"If I'm there!"

Mrs. Lane said, "I won't let you back out because of some silly affliction—"

"Silly! Afflic—" Charlie's voice hit a hither-to unknown high and Charlie cut the words off half way up the scale. Hot color ran up into his face again and his father chuckled. Charlie burst out, "If you people don't—" His voice bassoed with dignity and Charlie beat it. He'd just reached desert too; breadpudding with plenty of raisins and nutmeg. . . .

REHEARSAL WAS a dismal operation. Charlie hung back till Miss Crandall called. "Char-

lie. This is where you make your entrance—"

"Exit, you mean," Charlie muttered. "I'm out—"

"Out!" Miss Crandall's cajoling smile slipped into its place. "You can't—"

"No?" Charlie snapped. "You don't kn—" He cut it off as he felt the thing about to happen. He backed up behind the wings, aware of the laughter that swept the little group scattered over the stage. Well, they weren't making a sap out of him. He blurted. "I'd be the laughing stock—"

"Nonsense." Miss Crandall snapped and Charlie could see her struggling to keep her face straight when his voice-box kinked and warbled. "No one will notice. Go over your lines, Charlie. You can't let me down. What would I do?"

"I'm no actor—"

"Don't kid yourself!" a voice out of the little group said. "Take a listen to yourself sometime, Charlie."

Charlie stuck to his guns although he received more than one broadside during the next few days. It was pretty tough. His mother stormed and threatened, his father tried to look serious and bubbled over behind the sanctity of his paper.

The much dreaded night rolled around and Mom announced. "Just dress up, young man, and march right down there with us. If you think you're getting off scott free—"

Charlie groaned. "Do I have to go?"

Charlie went to the benefit. Before long he realized that the whole thing was a flop. Half the audience was made up of soldiers from the nearby post. They were bored.

Charlie glanced around. All about him soldiers were fidgeting in their seats restlessly, whis-

pering among themselves; the majority paid no attention. The whole thing was an abject debacle. Charlie felt sorry. . . .

Between a case of stage fright and forgotten lines, Pete Cramer had just added the finishing touches. The curtain went down. Only spasmodic applause greeted the appearance of the sweating star.

CHARLIE NEVER quite knew why he did it. He felt sorry for the soldiers who were actually sorry enough for themselves. He got up with a mumbled excuse that he wanted a drink, then made his way back stage where Miss Crandall was working herself into a lather trying to get Pete Cramer straightened out. "You've got to do better, Peter!" Miss Crandall protested. She was, Charlie saw, on the verge of fits. Charlie chuckled. Miss Crandall saw him and cried, "Charlie. . . !"

She almost hugged him. And Charlie was torn by doubt. He was a sap, a simpleton! What had ever possessed him to do this? Those soldiers. . . .

"I'll take over," Charlie announced, his voice bordering the cracking point. He warded Miss Crandall off dexteriously. "Have a heart—"

"You're going to do it?" Miss Crandall cried. "Charlie—"

Someone yelled, "You're on!"

It was, Charlie recalled, scene three. The last . . . in more ways than one. His knees were doing stunts that didn't make the standing secure. He had a moment of panic. Then he was facing the people in the big auditorium. For a split second there was silence, then a ripple of applause that caught more as it went along and sent Charlie's heart hammering like sixty.

Charlie tried to forget the audience. He faced across the

stage, assuming nonchalance as Vivian Wright came out opposite. Vivian took a look and her look of benign indifference was swept instantly aside. Color stole into her cheeks and her eyes widened with amusement and amazement. . . .

Somewhere in back a cat-call rang out. Someone whistled. "Hi, sweetie-pie—"

Charlie faced his heckler. He recognized the voice and lifted his own to make himself heard. "I'll see you after school tomorrow. When I—" Charlie's voice bassoed, then started up sharply.

Amusement was mirrored on the faces of the people in the audience. Bert Clayton, the orchestra leader asked, "Where's that mezzo-soprano you had last night, Charlie?"

"None of your darn—" Charlie stopped. His voice did it again and once more laughter swept the crowd. For a moment he hesitated, glaring out at them noting that the soldiers were laughing too, getting a kick out of him!

"Charlie," Bert called. "Some of the boys were telling me today that you—"

"It's a lie!" Charlie snapped. "You listen to m—" He stopped. It was too late. His voice sored beautifully hitting another unknown note. It rang out through the other sounds of the hall and Charlie himself marvelled that the human voice could attain such a level. It was . . . awe-inspiring. When it wasn't a pain the neck—

Bert Clayton didn't let up. Charlie came back at him and his answers went sky-larking only to drop to deep basso. Then he discovered that he had some control over the crazy gyrations. He noted the grinning, laughing soldiers. He hesitated. . . .

"I've got a little poem," Charlie managed to announce. He

felt hot and sweaty but determined. He looked at Bert. Charlie asked, "How about sound effects—"

"You're all the sound effects you need!"

Charlie glowered, plunged. "The Village Miss stood on the green, down street she spied her lover."

"She cried aloud—" Charlie's voice hit high C. Applause buried several lines; then, "—he hurried swiftly toward her and, despite her warts, her freckled nose, he vowed he'd always love her!"

"For, the war had come, the girls had gone, he knew there was no other!"

"She called his name—" Charlie's voice achieved new grandeur as it rose once more. The response was tremendous. There was no let-up.

The poem was over. The Village Miss was obliterated under the confusion of noise and there wasn't a chance for even a guy with a . . . soprano voice. He couldn't conclude his brainchild so he beat a retreat. A hasty one!

"YOU SAVED the show," Dad conceded next morning when Charlie took his place uneasily at the breakfast table. "You were swell. You . . . wowed 'em!"

Charlie poured milk over his cereal. "I'm still going to settle with a couple of guys," he grumbled carefully. "After what they called me—"

"Mezzo-soprano?"

"Worse," Charlie complained. "They said I didn't have a sense of humor! Imagine."

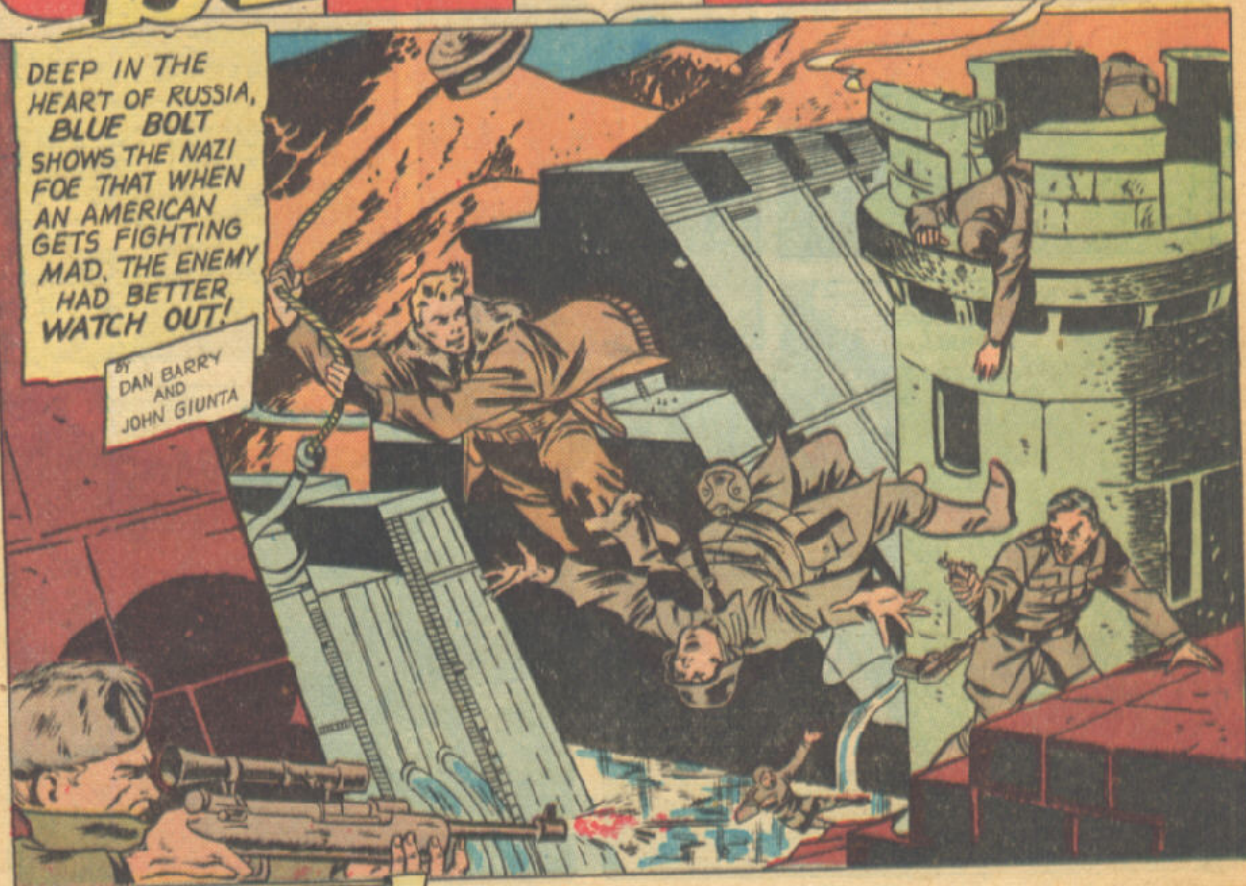
The End.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

DEEP IN THE
HEART OF RUSSIA,
BLUE BOLT
SHOWS THE NAZI
FOE THAT WHEN
AN AMERICAN
GETS FIGHTING
MAD, THE ENEMY
HAD BETTER
WATCH OUT!

BY
DAN BARRY
AND
JOHN GIUNTA



AT RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,
SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE
ADVANCING LINES...

UNDOUBTEDLY, THE SECRECY
OF THIS MISSION IS WELL
IMRESSED ON
YOUR MIND,
LIEUTENANT BLUE BOLT.

YES,
SIR, THAT
IS WHY YOU
ARE NOT
DISPATCHING IT
THROUGH THE
REGULAR CHANNELS.



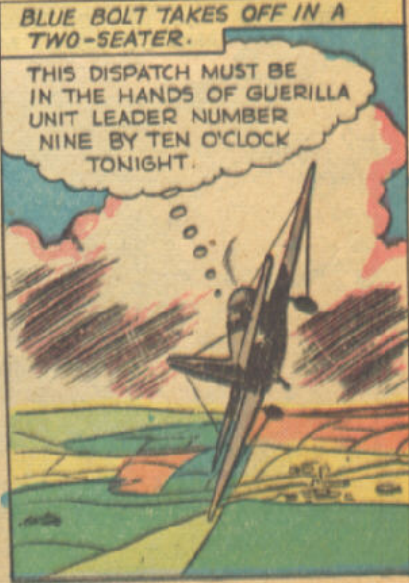
PRECISELY! NOW,
BE OFF- AND
GOOD LUCK!

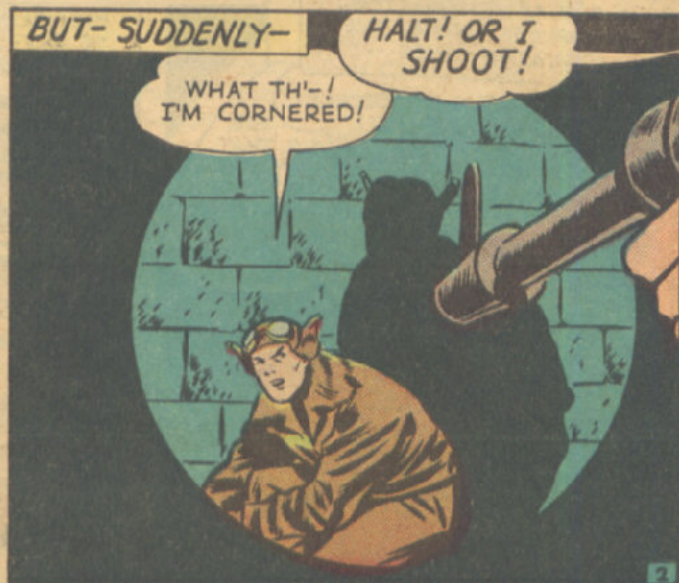
YES,
SIR!



BLUE BOLT TAKES OFF IN A
TWO-SEATER.

THIS DISPATCH MUST BE
IN THE HANDS OF GUERRILLA
UNIT LEADER NUMBER
NINE BY TEN O'CLOCK
TONIGHT.







RUSSIAN GUERRILLAS!
WHAT A
RELIEF!

KEEP YOUR
HANDS UP!

BUT,
COMRADE
KOVI, HE
WEARS THE
UNIFORM OF THE
RED EAGLE.



YES. BUT HE MIGHT VERY
WELL BE ONE OF THE
ACCURSED NAZIS. YOUR
CREDENTIALS,
PLEASE!

JUST A MINUTE,
COMRADE.



WILL THESE
SUFFICE?

**THE SEAL OF
STALIN, HIMSELF!**
WE WELCOME YOU
LIKE A BROTHER,
LIEUTENANT
BLUE BOLT!



I AM LOOKING FOR YOUR
LEADER, COMRADE.
SERGE KOVISK.

INDEED!
COME! WE
TAKE YOU
TO HIM.



AFTER A PERILOUS CLIMB UP
THROUGH THE HILLS...

YOU SHALL BE AT
COMRADE KOVISK'S
SIDE IN A
MOMENT!

PERFECT!



AT KOVISK'S HEADQUARTERS...

WELCOME, LIEUTENANT.
YOU HAVE
ORDERS?

YES,
SIR!



HMM! WE ARE SUPPOSED
TO PREVENT THE HUN
FROM BLOWING UP THE
PRENTOVOSKITCHI
DAM - HA!

WHY SO
ALARMED?



I HAVE REASON TO BE! THE DAM
IS BETTER GUARDED THAN HITLER!
WE HAD PLANNED TO RECAPTURE
IT, BUT, OF COURSE, IF THEY
DESTROY IT FIRST...

SUPPOSE YOUR MEN WERE
TO PASS OVER THE DAM
DISGUISED AS RETREATING
GERMAN SOLDIERS!

AH, YOU
HAVE THE
ANSWER!
A BOLD
STROKE!

KOVI! MESLE! MAKEA! ROUND
UP YOUR MEN- TONIGHT
WE RAID THE
FOE!

AAAH...

SHORTLY AFTER, THE RUSSIANS ARE ON THE MARCH.

OUR SCOUTS REPORT A GERMAN
COLUMN RETREATING
THROUGH THE
VOLNA PASS!

I UNDERSTAND!

AND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL-
DISPERSE, MEN! THE
ENEMY APPROACHES!

YOU BOYS SURE
KNOW YOUR
BUSINESS!

THE SOLEMN, DEFEATED GERMAN
COLUMN TRUDGES ALONG, UNAWARE
OF THE IMPENDING ATTACK!

IT ISS TOO BAD
DOT VE KEEP
RETREATINK!

SHOD OP,
HEINDRICH! EVERY
TIME I HEAR DOT
VORD, 'RETREAT',
I SHODDER!

NOW, COMRADE
KOVI!
AH, TOVARICH!

KOVI LIFTS HIS AXE,
SWINGS ONCE, AND...



ACH! VASS
IST?

A
BARRICADE!



THE RUSSIANS OPEN FIRE WITH ANNIHILATING RESULTS!

FIVE BLOOD-SOAKED MINUTES
PASS- THEN...

THAT IS
ALL, SIR!

GOOD! HAVE
THE MEN DRESS IN
THE NAZI UNIFORMS.
THEN CLEAR THE
ROAD.

FOR YOU, COMRADE
BLUE BOLT, THE FORMER
OWNER SHOULD BE
HONORED!

THANK
YOU, SIR!

THE CAPTURED MOTORIZED
COLUMN DRIVES ON WITH ITS
OCCUPANTS.

THERE'S
PRENTOVSKITCHI!

SAY- THAT'S
SOME PIECE OF
ENGINEERING!

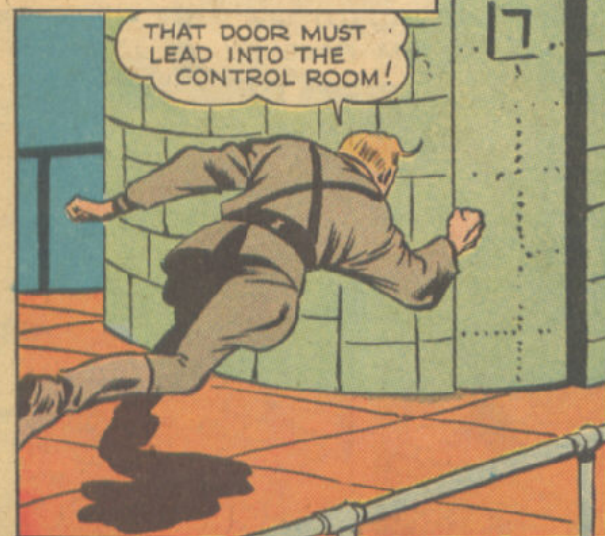
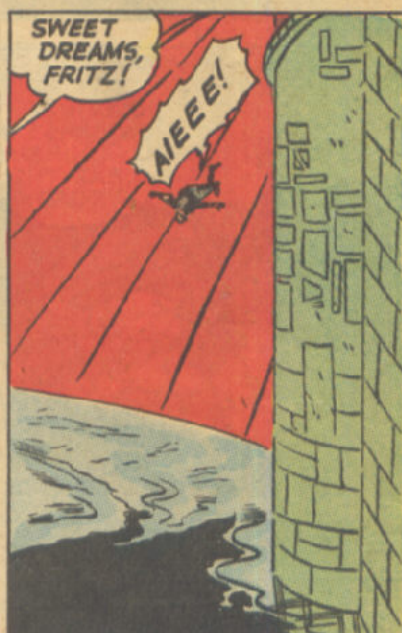
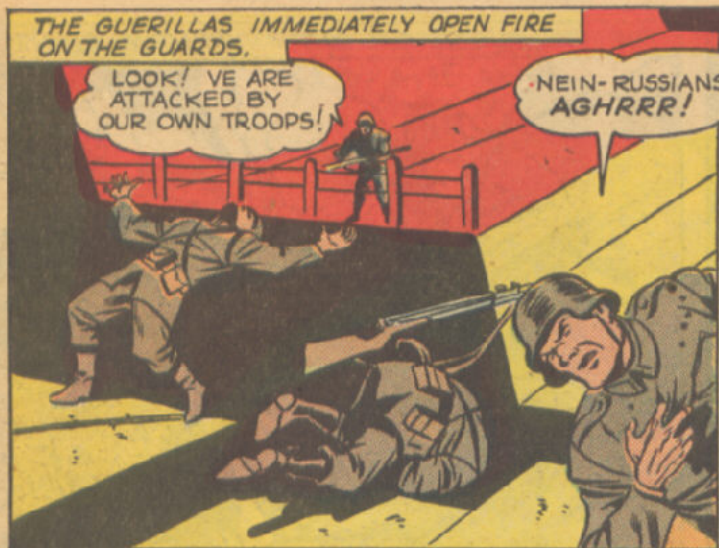


THE TRUCKS ARE
THE RIGHT DISTANCE
APART.

AND
WE
APPROACH
THE CONTROL
TOWER. IT IS TIME
TO ATTACK!



OKAY! LET
'EM HAVE IT!





ACH! AMERIK!
I MUST
PUSH THE
SWITCH!
OOPS!

NOT TODAY,
HEINIE!



VERDAMTE
FOOL! BACK!

YEOW!



STUCK MY CHIN
OUT THAT TIME...
GOTTA BE MORE
CAREFUL!



FOOL, YOU'VE SIGNED
YOUR OWN DEATH
CERTIFICATE!
STAY PUT!



OH-OH-
A GUN!



SAY DER PRAYERS,
AMERIKANER!

YEAH-I'M
PRAYING THAT
KOVISK IS
WATCHING!

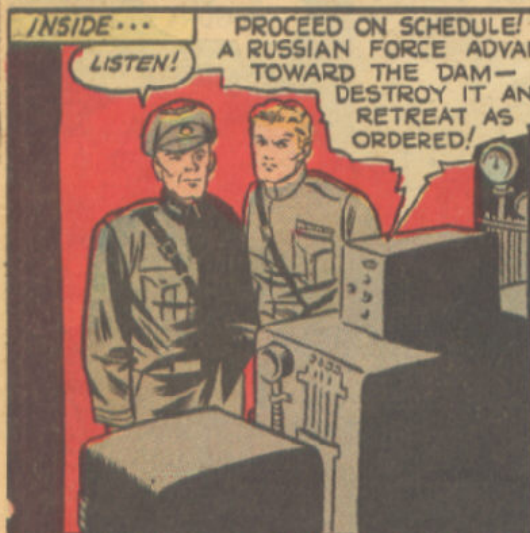


BANG! GAAAAAR
HE IS!



THE NAZI STUMBLES
FORWARD, AND...
WATCH OUT,
SCHNITZEL!

OOOOOH!



KRISKO and JASPER

WE'VE BEEN A-SLEEPIN' SO LONG
THAT I'M PLUMB SLEPT OUT-
AND IT'S STILL NIGHT.

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE LOST
THEIR "TWO-MAN BATTLE
WAGON" AND ARE NOW SOME-
WHERE UP IN THE FROZEN
NORTH.

THEY'VE BEEN TELLING THE
CHIEF OF THE TRIBE ABOUT
THE ENJOYABLE PASTIME
OF HUNTING NIPS- AND
THE CHIEF SEEMS TO
LIKE THE IDEA.



MY HUNTERS COME- WE GO NOW AND
CHASE NIPS WITH OUR WHITE
BROTHERS, YOU COME!



BRING ON YOUR ARMY, CHIEF. I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW TO SLAP THE JAP
SAPPIES!



BEACH YOUR BATTLE WAGONS
AND FOLLOW ME- I'LL GO
AHEAD AND DO SOME
SCOUTIN'

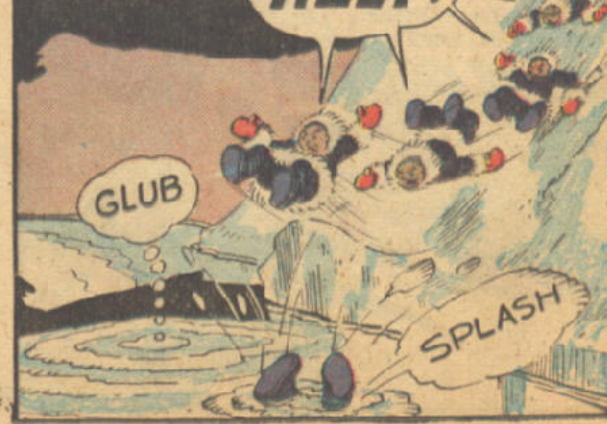
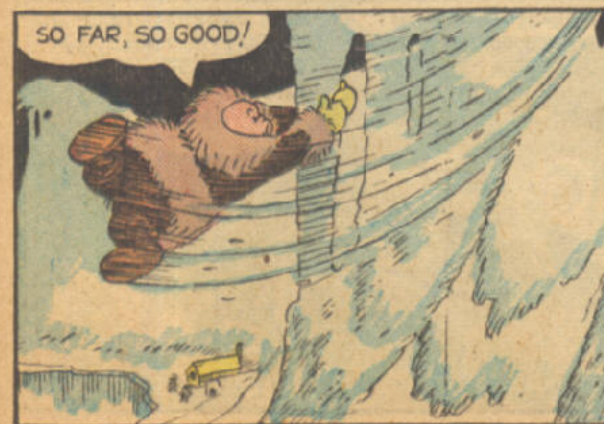
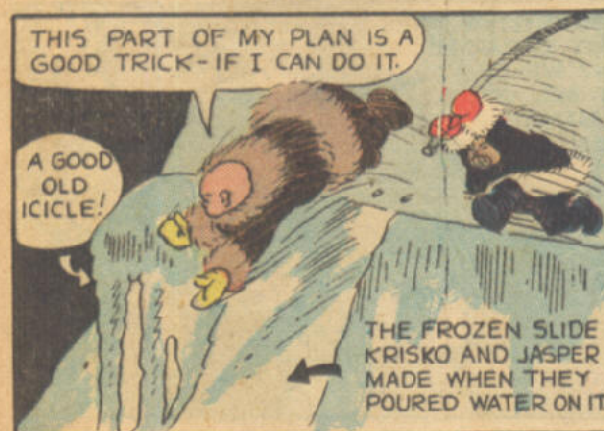


I HOPE I SEE WHAT
I THINK I'LL SEE-
WHEN I LOOK OVER
TH' TOP OF THIS
ICEBERG!

NOW WHAT'S THE
LITTLE SQUIRT
GOT FIGGERED
THIS TIME?







KRISKO, HANGING ONTO THE ICICLE, IS SEEN BY A JAP SOLDIER.

HEY, JASPER! HE'S LININ' HIS GUN UP ON ME. DO SOMETHING!

I HATES TO SMACK HIM DOWN ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE IT'S AGAINST MY PRINCIPLES TO HIT ANYONE FROM BEHIND- BUT I GOTTA SAVE THE LITTLE GUY!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP...

WHAM

PSHAW- 'S WASTE OF TIME.

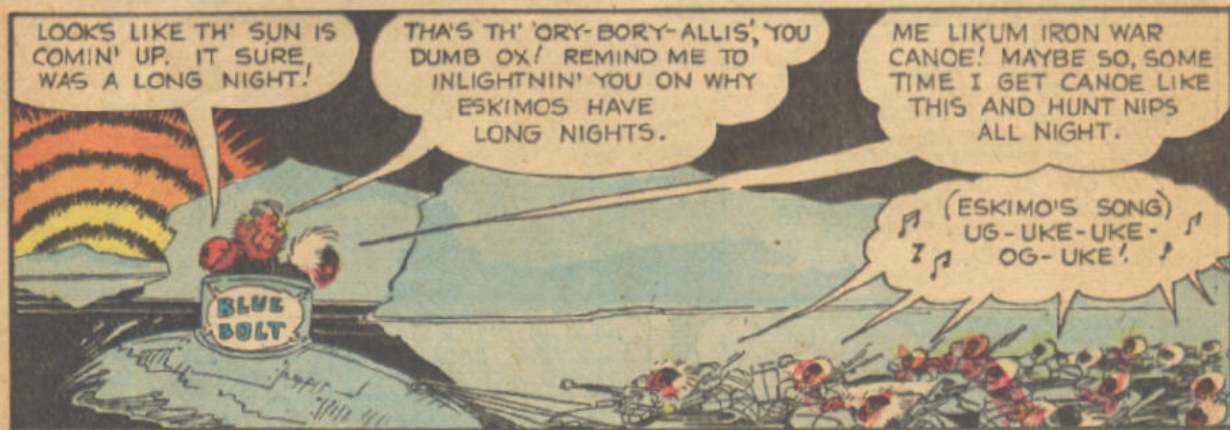
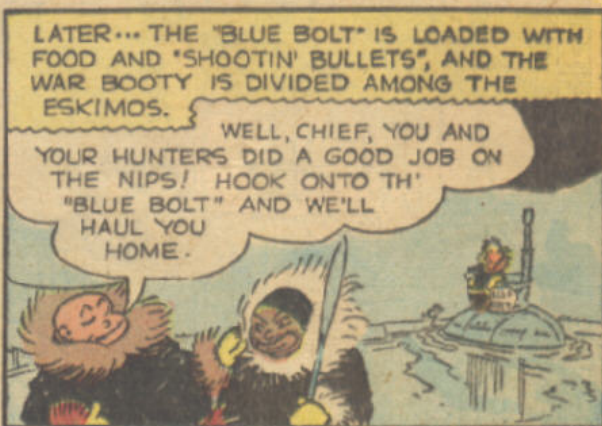
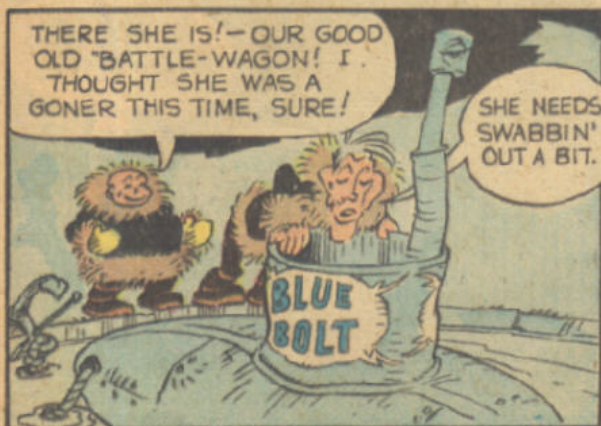
EEK!

HUH? WHA'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE JAPANESE ARMY SNEAKIN' UP ON ME. TSK-TSK! WELL, COME ON AND GIT ME, YOU LOW-DOWN, MANGY MONKEY-MEN!

COME ON- "SEND ME MORE JAPS"!

"WELL, THAT'S THAT!"

HEY, JASPER! HELP ME UP OUTTA HERE. I'M FROZEN TO THIS ICICLE. HURRY UP, WILL YOU?



FEARLESS FELLERS



CRASH!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

YEAH---RIGHT THROUGH OLD MR. STEBBINS' WINDOW!

THIS MEANS TROUBLE--AH'S BEATIN' IT. NOW! RIGHT THROUGH OUR TUNNEL!

THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB POOLS ITS FUNDS TO BUY A NEW FOOTBALL. PUDGE GETS THE FIRST KICK, HAVING PAID FOR THE LARGEST SHARE OUT OF HIS ALLOWANCE. UNFORTUNATELY PUDGE PUTS A LOT OF WEIGHT BEHIND THE KICK AND...



BY
RAY JILL
AND
H. KIEFER



GIVE ME A SHOVE, INKY!

GEE--OUR NEW FOOTBALL, TOO!

HURRY UP, BUTCH! IF STEBBINS CATCHES US...

JUST AS CHUCK GETS THE TRAP DOOR CLOSED AFTER HIM...

YOU YOUNG HOODLUMS! I'LL--- WHY, THERE'S NO ONE OUT THERE!

WE'LL JUST ACT LIKE WE WAS NEVER OUT THERE.

AND WE'LL HAVE TO ACT AS THOUGH WE NEVER HAD THE FOOT BALL!

BET HE'S WONDERING WHO DID IT!

I DON'T LIKE IT!





WE COULD BUY UNIFORMS IF WE HAD THE MONEY FOR ALL THE BALLS WE'VE LOST ON STEBBINS' PLACE!

SAY... I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!

BUY BONDS!



SPILL IT!

MR. STEBBINS LOVES FLOWERS. LET'S SEND HIM SOME.

WHERE WOULD WE...?

HOLD EVERYTHING! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



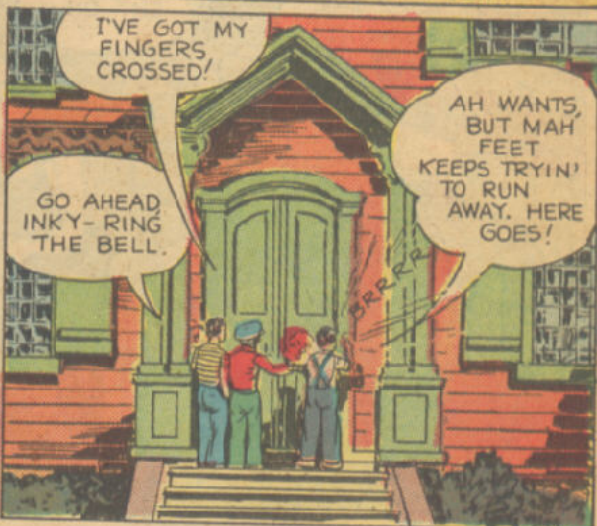
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HE'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT THESE, I KNOW!

SWELL!

GREAT, INKY! LET'S DELIVER THEM RIGHT AWAY.

THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB PROVES ITS TITLE BY ENTERING THE "LION'S DEN".



I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!

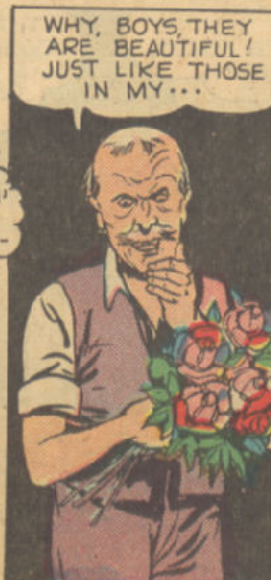
GO AHEAD INKY- RING THE BELL.

AH WANTS, BUT MAH FEET KEEPS TRYIN' TO RUN AWAY. HERE GOES!



AH... SO I'VE GOT YOU AT--- WHAT'S THIS? FLOWERS- FOR ME?

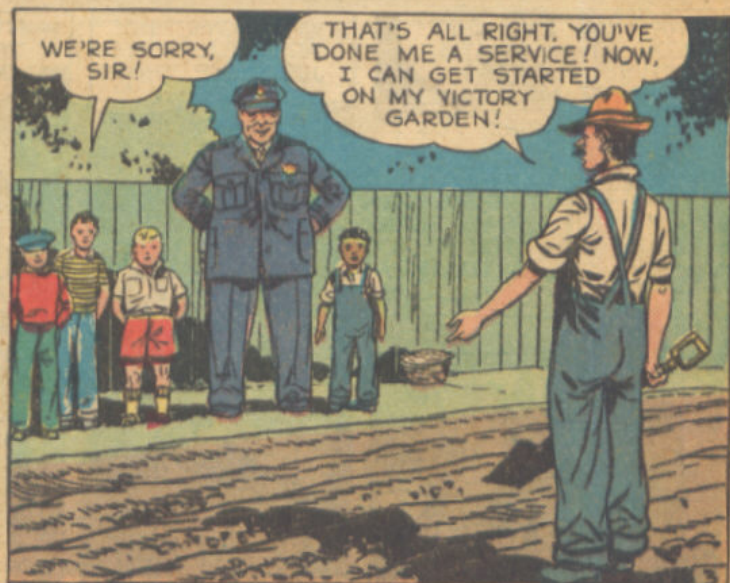
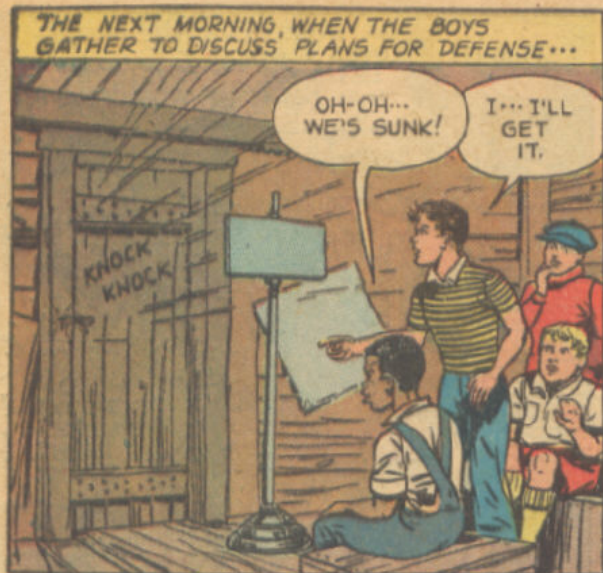
AH'VE GOT A FEELIN' THERE'S GOIN' TO BE SOME FOR ME, TOO- LILLIES!



WHY, BOYS, THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL! JUST LIKE THOSE IN MY...



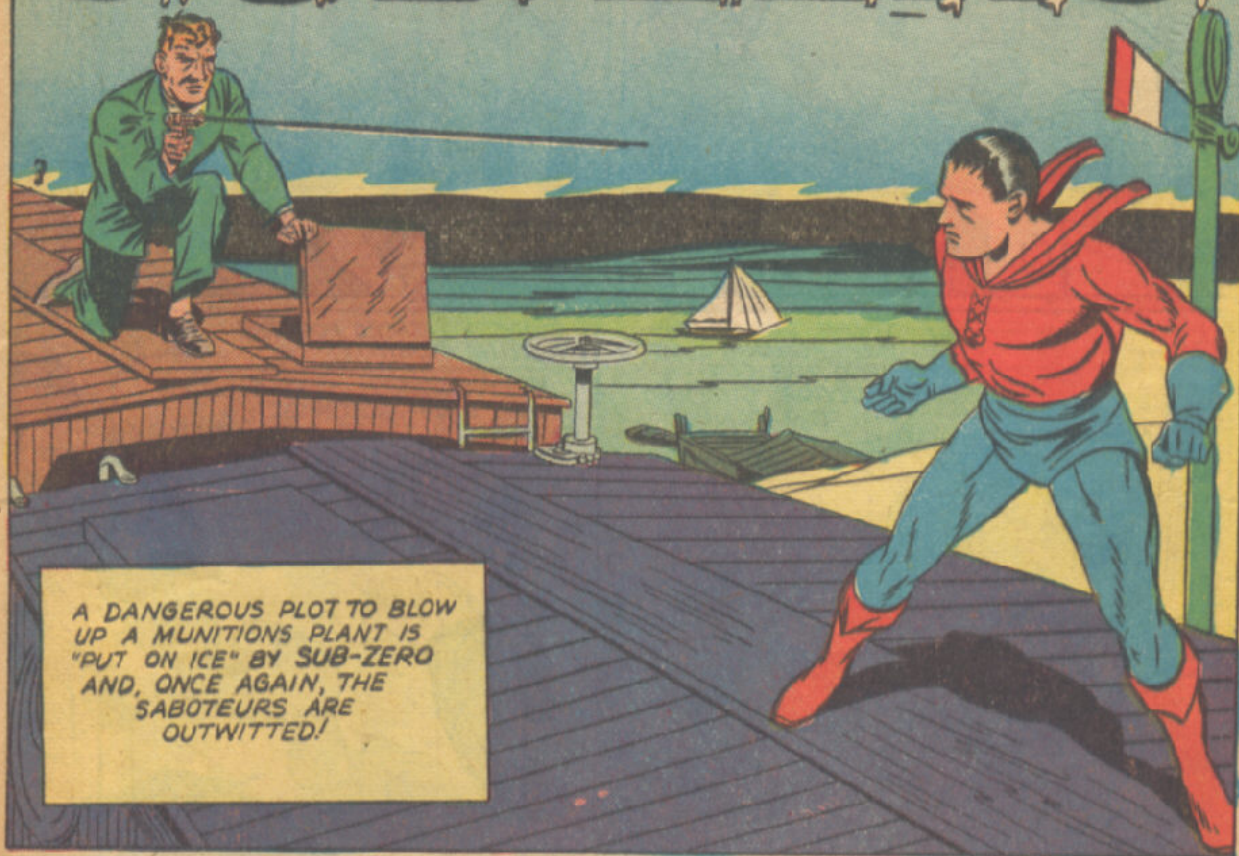
- MY FLOWER BEDS! THEY'RE RUINED! OHH - YOU RASCALS!







SUB-ZERO



A DANGEROUS PLOT TO BLOW UP A MUNITIONS PLANT IS "PUT ON ICE" BY SUB-ZERO AND, ONCE AGAIN, THE SABOTEURS ARE OUTWITTED!

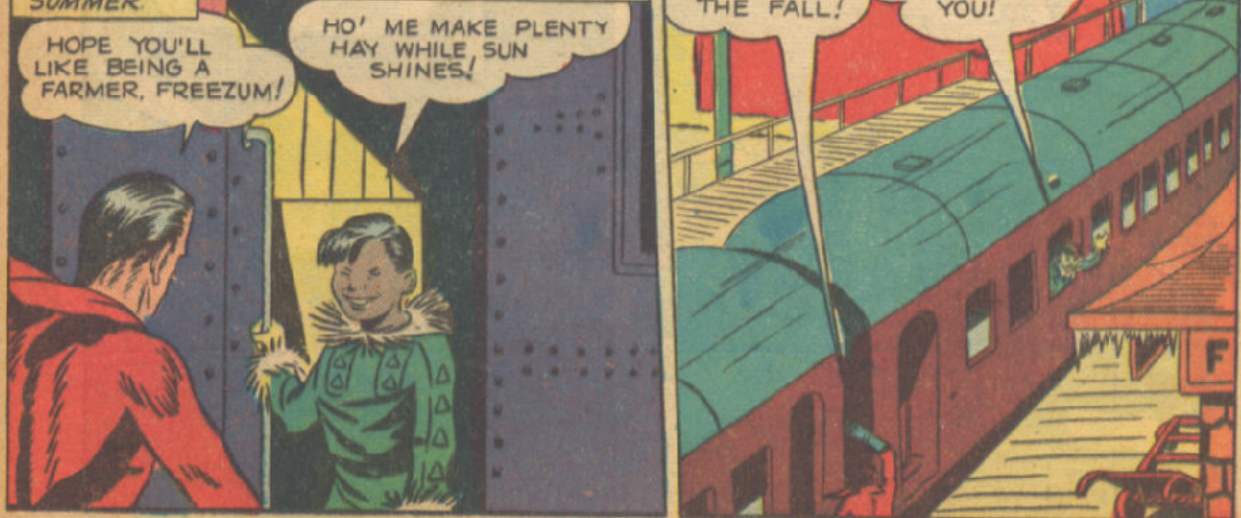
SUB-ZERO SEES FREEZUM OFF ON THE TRAIN WHEN THE BOY LEAVES TO WORK ON A FARM, WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES, FOR THE SUMMER.

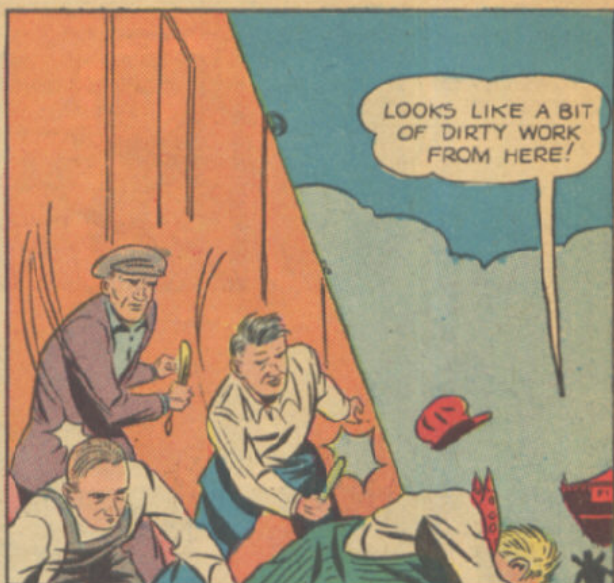
HOPE YOU'LL LIKE BEING A FARMER, FREEZUM!

HO' ME MAKE PLENTY HAY WHILE SUN SHINES!

SO LONG, FREEZUM-- SEE YOU IN 'THE FALL!

'BYE, ZERO! IF I NEED HELP, I CALL YOU!





SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY
GOING ON--- A STOLEN TRAIN
THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO
HAVE A SOLDIER GUARD---
MUST BE CARRYING
PRETTY PRECIOUS
CARGO!



OH-HO! AN ARMY SEAL ON
THESE DOORS! I'LL BET THIS
BUGGY IS CARRYING
EXPLOSIVES- OR ARMY
SUPPLIES OF SOME
SORT!



GUESS I'D
BETTER PAY A
LITTLE 'BUSINESS'
CALL ON A COUPLE
OF MUGS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CAB...

WELL, LEO- YOU
SEE, IT WAS
VERY EASY TO
TAKE OVER
THE TRAIN!



VE NEED
MORE PRESSURE,
ERNST--- FIRE
HER!

JA--BUT
DER
BOILERS
HISS
LIKE MAD,
NOW, ALREADY!



WE'LL PULL ONTO DE
SIDING OF DE
PLYMOUTH MUNITIONS
PLANT UND...



UND VE CRASH DER
TRAIN INTO DER
BUILDING...
BOOM!
NO MORE FACTORY!



FIRST, I GO BACK UND
SEE DOT NO SOLDIERS
GOT ON BY MISTAKE!
TAKE OVER,
ERNST!

JA-- FIRE A
SHOT IF YOU
NEED US.



THIS VAS ALMOST
TOO EASY TO DO---
HEY?! WHO IS
DAT?









YOU'RE RIGHT... OKAY,
JUMP! I'LL FIX YOU
TWO LATER!

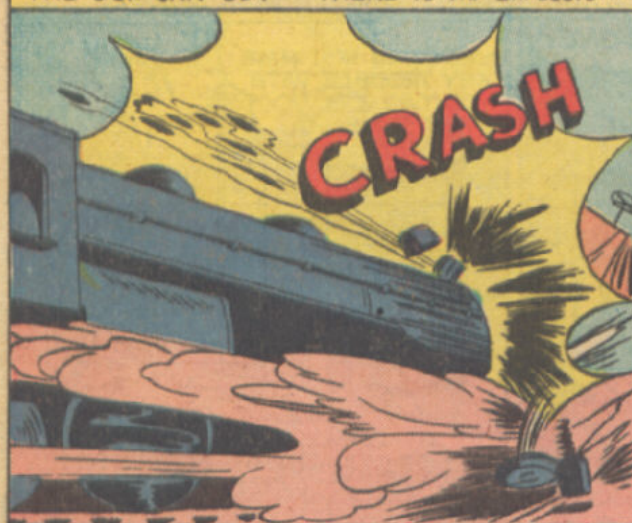


THE THREE MEN LEAP!

DON'T TRY RUNNING
OR I'LL FREEZE
YOU DEAD!

HA! BUT YOU
CANNOT STOP
US FROM
RUINING THE
PLANT!

THE RACING LOCOMOTIVE PLOWS THROUGH
THE BOX CAR BUT... THERE IS NO EXPLOSION!



CRASH



WHA... WHO
UNCOUPLED
THE TRAIN?

OUR PLAN—
YOU DESTROYED
OUR PLAN!

THAT'S
WHY I
WASN'T
TOO
WORRIED!



I UNHOOKED
THE CARS
SEVERAL
MILES BACK!

WHY—
YOU FILTHY
AMERICAN!

QUIET,
YOU NAZIS!



TAKE THEM AWAY... OH, YES!
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE
BACK ALONG THE
MAIN LINE. BUT,
HE'S PROBABLY
DEAD!

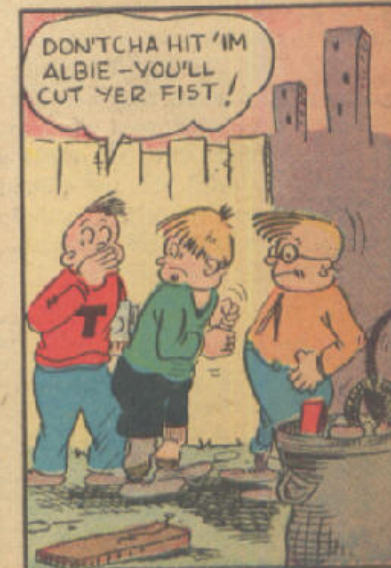
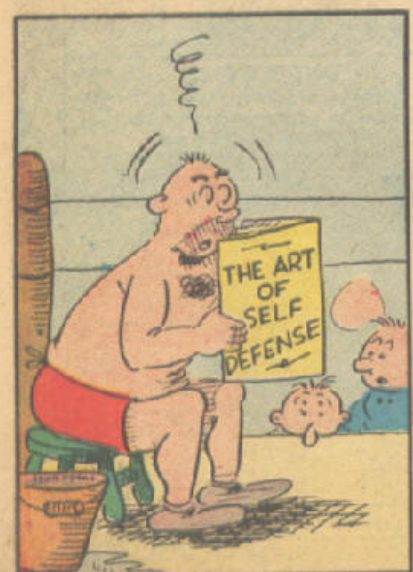
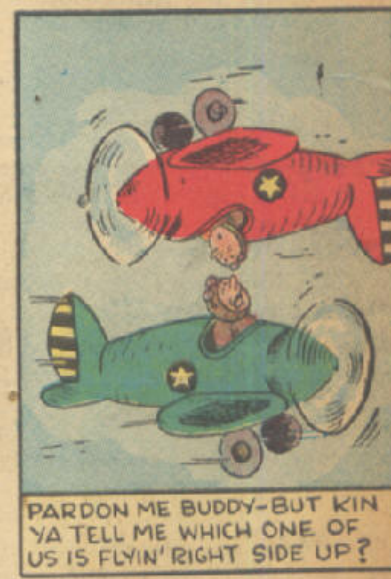
WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THEM— YOU
MAKE A REPORT
ON THIS TO
THE OFFICE!



SOME TIME LATER...

HMM... THOSE SABOTEURS
WILL GET THE CHAIR.
I BET FREEZUM
WILL BE MAD TO HAVE
MISSED THE EXCITEMENT!

WE WONDER HOW FARMER
FREEZUM IS MAKING OUT.
WELL, THE NEXT
"SUE OF BLUE BOLT"
WILL BE ON THE
STANDS IN
A MONTH.





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